

A LEGEND OF VENICE.

Had not, one night, (O love-betraying night !)
The lady's brothers spied young Theodore
Upon his pilgrimage. It was a sight
Unthought to them ; and hurrying oaths they swore ;
And their all baffled eyes were fierce with light
Of vengeance born, as near the bolted door
They crouched and listened to love's pleading voice,
And heard consenting love with love rejoice.

But after that,—love's silence lasting there—
The brothers 'gan to fret with strained nerve,
And ghostly chilliness of midnight air ;
And whispering an easy plan to serve
Their thirsting purpose soon, they pledged the care
Of lovers' fate with hearts that would not swerve ;
And crawled away, each to his dreamless bed,
To sleep the sweeter for a murder bred.